

A
TRAGEDY
CALLED
ALLS LOST
BY
L V S T.

Written by *William Rowley.*

Diuers times Acted by the Lady Elizabeths

SERVANTS.

And now lately by her Maiesties Servants, with
great applause, at the Phoenix in Drury Lane.

Quod non dant Proceres, Dabit Histrio:



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Dramatis Personæ.

Roderigo, King of Spain.
Medina, a Duke.

Julianus, a Generall against the Moores: Father to
Iacinta.

Antonio, a Don, lover of *Dionysia*, yet husband to
Margaretta.

Alonzo, a Don, Father to *Dionysia*:
Piamentelli.

King of Africa.

Moores.

Fidella a Moore, wayting woman to
Margaretta.

Pedro, an old fellow, Father to *Margaretta*:

Iagues, a simple clownish Gentleman, his sonne, per-
sonated by the Poet.

Cloveele, a Rusticke:

Labario, a Privado to the King:

Lazarella, Minion to *Antonio*.

Cob a Page.

Malena, a Pandresse:

Child



The

The Argument.

Roderigo, King of Spaine, being deeply enamored upon Iacyntha, a beautifull yong Spanisb Lady, daughter to a great Commander in the warres, (called Iulianus) hath often by private solicitations and gifts, tryed to winne her to his embraces; but they not prevailling, hee resolves to enioy her by force: whilst hee sailes in these lustfull thoughts, Lothario, (a Gentleman of better fortunes than condition) is his Pilot, steering his wickednesse on. To helpe which with winde and weather, Mulymumen, King of Barbary, with an Army of 60000. Moores, is ready to crosse into Spaine, to invade Roderigo, who no way frighted, but laying hold on this occasion, sends Iulianus as Generall against the African, and by his two evill Spirits, Lothario and Malena, gets accessse to the Lady in her Fathers absence, but their Engines breaking, he ravishes her. The Dove being thus ruffled, is delivered out of one Falcons Tallons, to the gripe of another:

The Argument.

Lothario is made her Keeper, whom Iacyntha one day finding fast asleepe, takes the keyes of the Castle from him, & flyes to her Father in the Camp; who bearing the storie of the Ravisher, joynes with those Spanisb Lords in his Army, to bee revenged on the Tyrant: To hasten this vengeance, the African is taken prisoner, and againe set at liberty, with condition that hee shall Rally all his scattered Troopes, and then those two Armies being incorporated in one, to drive Roderigo out of his Kingdome, & to inthrone the Moore there. Mulymumen so likes the ravished Lady, that he begges her of her Father to be his: but Roderigo flying into Biscany, and the African Lord of all, is scorned by Iacyntha, who in revenge, calls for Iulianus (her Father) commanding his eyes to be put out, and her tongue to be cut out, and so to leade him; In the end, the Barbarian to shorten Iulianus his misery, gives him a weapon, the Moore hath another, with intent to runne full-bute at one another, much intreaty being made to let Iacyntha dye nobly, tis promist, and then they both being ready to runne, the Moore snatches Iacyntha before him, and so the Father kills his own Daughter, and is presently by the Moore slaine himselfe.

Antonio marries Margareta, faire, but low

The Argument.

*in fortunes, and comming to these warres, falls in
love with Dionysia, daughter to Alonzo, but
the women come to tragick ends, and Antonio
for upbraiding Iulianus with selling his King
and Country to the Moore, is by Iulianus slaine.*

Prologue.

The Art of Poetry
Prologue.

THU from the Past am I bid to say,
He knows what Judges sit to doome each Play;
(The over-curious Criticks, or the wise)
The one with squint, & other with sunne-like eyes,
Shootes through each Scene: the one cryes all things downe,
T'other hides strangers faults close as his owne,
Lais! Those who out of custome come to geere,
(Sung the full quire of the nine Muses here)
So carping, not from wit, but apish spize,
And featherd ignorance, thus our Poet does slight.
Tis not a gay face, or distorted face,
Can beat his merie off, which has wonne grace
In the full Theater, nor can now feare
The teeth of any snakie whisperer:
But to the white, and sweet unclouded brow,
(The heaven where true worth moves) our Poet does bow,
Patrons of Arts, and Pilots to the Stage,
Who guide it (through all tempests) from the rage
Of envious whirle-windes. O doe you but steere
His Muse this day, and bring her to her wis'd steere,
You are those Delphicke powers, whom shee'll adore.

ALL'S



ALL'S LOST

BY

L V S T.

Actus Primus.

*Enter Rodericke, King of Spaine, Lethario, Medina, Iulianus;
Antonio, and Laxarello.*

Rodericke.

I've leave: Lethario: Aside Lords

La. My Sovereigne,

Rod. The newes in brieve: how replies

Iuliana?

Will she be woman? will she meete our

Armes

With an alternate roundure? will she doe?

La. Nothing to the purpose my Liege, cold as Aquarius;

There she was borne, and there she still remains;

I cannot move her to enter into Pisces, I

Laid the flesh to her too, and the delights thereof, she leans

Another way, and talks all of the spirit, I

Frighted her with spirits too, but all would not doe:

She

All's lost by Lust.

She drew her knife, pointed it to her breast, swore
She would doe something, but womens tongues are
Sometimes longer then their vomes.

Red. Enough, we have bethought another way.
This wooing application is too milde:
'Tis better smite the money in a storme.

To hast our way, then to be calmd for ever,
Shore of the wished haven:
Now draw neere, you told us of a hot invasion
The barbarous and tawney Africans,
Intend upon our confines.

Med. True, my Liege,
Full threescore thousand are discryde in Armes,
Ready to passe the Streights of *Gibraltar*,
Whose watry divisions, their Affricke bounds
From our Christian Europe in *Granado*,
And *Audalusia*; they spread and flourish
Their silver mooncs, led as it is supposde,
By some blinde guide, some Saintish Infidell,
That prophesies subjection of our Spaine,
Vnto the Moors.

Red. They would deter us with their swarty lookes;
Were they the same to their similitude,
Sooty as the inhabitants of hell,
Whom they neereft figure: cold feare should flye
From us as distant as they are from heauyn:
They come to sacrifice their blouds to us,
If that be red, *a mure rubrum*;
Wee'll make so high to quench their silver mooncs,
And on their calkasses an istmus make
To passe their straytes agen, and forrage there.

Iul. Your forward valour speaks you meischall;
But my dread Liege, doe not your treasure
Grow thinn and empty: so long have you held
A champion resolution 'gainst the Tucke,
That Spaine is wasted in her noble strength
On which presuming, tis to be supposd
The Moore is thus incourag'd,

Red.

All's lost by Lust.

Rod. And yet we undaunted *Julianus*, our treasury is
A myne unsearcht, wee have a Castle
Suppos'd enchanted, wee'le breake the magicke,
If spels there be, ope the forbidden dores
Which twenty of our predecessors have refused,
But added each a locke to guard it more.
Rather then our Souldiers shall want pay
To fight our battailes nobly.

Jul. O my Lord, that's a dangerous secret, onely known
To such as can divine futurities,
And they with fearefull prophecies predict
Fatallevents to *Spain*, when that shall be
Broke up by violence, till fate hath runne
Her owne wasting period; which out slide
Auspiciously they promise, that wreathes are kept
In the fore-dooming Court of destiny,
To binde us ever in a happy conquest.

Rod. Tut, feare frights us not, nor shall hope soole us:
If neede provoke, wee'le dig supply through hell
And her enchantments. Who can prefixe us
A time to see these incantations loofe?
Perhaps 'twill stay tenne generations more,
When our blond royall may want succession,
If not, what bootes it us (lost in our dust
And memory 500. yeeres) that then this hidden
Worke shall be, tush, the weakenesse of our predecessors
Shall not fright us, all is not deadly,
That lookes dangerous.

Ant. I wish no life to see that day.

Med. Nor I, so many Kings have fear'd that destiny.

Rod. Lord *Julianus*, we commit to you
The charge of this great worke against the Moores,
With title of Lord Generall, as you please,
Order this high affaire; call to the field
An equall Army against those Africans,
The bold and hardiest souldiers of our kingdome.
Scourge backe agen those halfe-nak't Infidels
Into their sun-burnt Clymate; in thy heart

All's lost by Lust.

Be loyalne and courage, strength in thine arme;
With christian vaour strike the heathens dead,
And for thy triumph, bring the *Mulys* head.

Jul. This honour which your Maieslie has given me,
Tho better it might fit anothers wearing,
Of abler limbs, where time has not defact,
Nor halfe so many winters quench his bloud,
As a new spring it hath revivde again.

This Autumne of my yeeres, theres but one care
I leave behinde me within the Court of *Spaine*,
My poore *Iacinta*, mine, and onely mine;
May she here thrive in honour, and in favours,
And I shall meete her with a victory,
(Heaven put before) as shall endow us both
In your high esteeme.

Rod. That shall be our care noble *Iulianus*, to see her safe,
We love *I. cinto* more then you must know,
And for her sake we doe remove you hence;
You may thanke your daughter for this honour Sir,
If you knew our purpose.

Lo. I understand all this, whilst he warres abroad, his
Daughter must skirmish at home; *Venus* is in conjunction
With *Mercury*, wit and lechery are both in labour
At once: alas poore mayden-head, th'art cast i' faith,
And must to execution; virginity hadst thou bin
Moulded in my compasse, thou hadst leapt this pitfall.

Rod. On, to thy charge, prosper in thy high deedes,
Who aymes at honour nobly, nobly speedes.

Jul. My heart and tongue, thus sentence to my fate,
In honour thrive, in basenesse ruinate.

Rod. All helpe him on his speede: *Lothario*.

Exeunt omnes nisi Rod. & Loth.

Have we not finely moulded our designe?
Times antient bawde, opportunity attends us now,
And yet our flaming bloud will scarce give leave
To opportunity.

Lo. I told your highnesse of a second bawd to time, & yet
Not times second neither, for time nere pattern'd her

All's Vost by Lust.

A thing reall, not a dumb morall, as time it selfe
Is, but a speaking thing, and one that speaks
Effectually, one that has wrackt more mayden-heads
In *Spaine*, then she has yeers upon her reverent browes,
And yet she writes odde of threescore, an odde wench 'tis.

Rod. Thou nam'st her to me.

Lo. Malena.

Rod. And hast instructed her?

Lo. I have prepar'd her fit for instruction my Liege, shee
Waites her further confirmation from your Highnesse:
Oh every souldier has a double heart, when the King's in

Rod. Call her (field,

Lo. By her right name, bawd, where art thou bawd?

Rod. If Words will serve, if not, by rapines force,
Wee'll plucke this apple from th'Hesperides.

Enter Malena.

Lo. This is the thing I told your Highnesse of.

Rod. A reverent one it is, & may be call'd schoolemistresse
of her sexe, if *Apelles* had ever picturde forth experience,
here might he take his patterne.

Mal. Indeed my Liege, I have bin the pattern that a great
Many has taken out pictures by, I confesse I have
Bin a greater friend to the Hospitals, then the Nunneries,
And I thinke it was the greater civility, because
They are the poorer, and more wretched places.

Lo. The very *ipfissima* of her sexe, my Liege, as old as
She is, I will undertake she shall wrastle a fall
With the strongest Virgin in *Spaine*, & throw her down too?

Rod. Thou must be my Lawyer (I'll see thee well,)
And at the Barre of beauty plead a cause,
Which whether right or wrong, must needs be mine.

Mal. Indeed in rightfull causes, weake Lawyers will
Serve turne, but the wrong had need have
The best Orators, I'me but a weake vessell, you
Know my Liege.

Lo. Shee'll hold out I warrant, harke you my Liege;

All's Lost by Lust.

This vessell is not hollow yet, it does not sound,
There's mettall in her, there's sacke in this Tunne,
That has eaten up a great deale of dead
Flesh in her time, lights, longs and bad livers.

Rod. Come, come, you must not plead an infirmity.

Mal. I'll doe my best my Lord.

Lo. Tush, in *male consilio fumina vincunt viros*.

Mal. Does he not abuse me my Dege?

Rod. Not at all, he sayes women overcome men in
Giving counsell.

Mal. Is there not a faulty word amongst them?

Lo. Thou art able to corrupt any good sence, with bad
(construction:

I say *fumina vincunt*, that is, *quasi vinosa cunctos*,
Overcomes all men,

Mal. Go to, go to, there is a broad word amongst 'm, *vincunt*
Quotha, is it spoke with a K, or a C? but in plaine
Language I will doe my best, if she be of my sexe, I
Will shew her the end of her function, men follow
The traditions of their forefathers, so should
Women follow the trades of their fore-mothers.

Rod. I see thou hast perswasive oratory.
Here's iuyce of liquorish, good for thy voyce,
Speake freely, and effectually.

Mal. I will speake the words that have overthrowen
Hundred in my time.

Lo. I was within compass then.

Mal. Let me have access to her, if she be flesh & blood,
I'll move her, I will not leave her till I turne her to a Stone.

Rod. Vnite your forces both, conquer in love,
I will reward as for a victory
Purchase with blood from my worst enemy.
Effect, for ill things have their effects we see
Prosper, wee'll call it a prosperity.

Mal. You'll bring me to the place and party? **Exit.**

Lo. Prepar'd with all advantage. I will assist thee, thou
Destroyer of mayden-heads. **Exit.**

Enter

All's lost by Lust.

Enter Antonio, and Lazarillo.

Laz. Your passions erre my Lord, did you foresee
What may ensue, folly begets danger,
Nay oft, their full effects, destruction,
You would not clothe the noblenesse of your bloud
In such base weedes, shee's a beggar you doate on.

Ant. Th'ast spoke the worst thy malice can invent,
A beggar say'st? and better being so,
If a small Starre could overshine the Sunne,
And shew his brightnesse in the solstice,
Should it be blam'd or prais'd? the feeble Vine
Brings forth sweet fruits, whilst the Cedars barren;
Beggar is she, I'll poyse her graces with's,
And see how many infinites shee'll pull
The ballance downe, and yet that poverty
A goodnesse dis-esteem'd; shee's faire,
Modest, lovely, wise, vertuous.

Laz. Nay, if you doate, I'll waste no more good counsell,
And what's her dower Sir?

Ant. Infinites, I nam'd them to thee.

Laz. O shee's faire, a faire dowry.

Ant. Chast and vertuous.

Laz. Those are iewels indeed, but they'll yeeld little.

Ant. They are not things of price, they are farre off,
And deare, yet Ladies send not for'em.

Laz. May not a league be taken for a time?
Deferre this hasty match, you have employment
As a Souldier, the King has given you charge;
Approve your champion valour in the field,
If that remoue not this domesticke trouble,
Retire upon your *Venus*.

Ant. I'll prevent that venome,
This night I will be married to my sweet,
And then her memory enjoy'd, shall strengthen
Mine arme against my foe, which else would droope,
Suspecting of her losse, I feare it now;

All's lost by Lust

What eye can looke upon her, but is captiv'd
In the enchanted prison of her eyes.

Laz. Why you'l be jealous in your absence then?

Ant. Away, away, thou dost forget her virtues.
Faster then I can name 'em, thee's chastity
It selfe, and when a Shrine shall be set up
Vnto that Saint, it shall be built upon
The marble that shall cover her.

Enter Iulianus and Taciana.

Laz. Here comes the Generall.

Iul. No more, no more, thy feares are all follies, my *Taciana*.

Iac. I must not leave you thus.

Iul. Antonio! what unplum'd you are a Souldier Sir,
And Souldiers should be forward; looke yee
I have bright Steele for the blacke Affricans;
I tell you Sir, I went not with more ioy
Vnto my mayden Bride, that Hymen night,
From whence I fetcht this icwell of my heart,
Then now I doe unto my second nuptials,
Oh 'tis a gallant Mistresse, an old man
Is young agen at sight of her.

Ant. Worthy Sir, your leading vallor will centuple the hart
Of all your followers; when set you forward?

Iul. Tush; we limit time to her best haste,
Three dayes will be the most, the longer stay
Looses the more advantage.

Ant. We shall be ready to attend your honour;
Hymen, this night I vow to thee, *Mars* be my
Morrowes Saint.

Laz. Here were a Saint sitting your prisons.

Ant. Blasphemy, speake that no more, the begger,
(If you will so prophane to speake her so)

Is gold refine, compar'd unto this rubbish,
Diamond to Marble; my noble Lord
Wee'l leave you to hasten our attendance on you.

Exit Ant. & Lazarus.

All's lost by Lust.

Iul. Farewell *Antonio*,

I'm in haste too, my preparations call me;

Iac. I call too, I beseech you heare me:

Iul. That's a clog to me,

Methinkes thou shouldst be reading o're new fashions,

Confering with your Fire-woman for faire dressings,

Your Jeweller has new devices for yee,

Fine labels for your eares, bracelets for wrists,

Such as will illustrate your white hand,

These are all Pedlars ware to me, *Iacinto*,

I am for Corsets, Helmeta, Bills, Bowes, and Pikes,

The thundring Guns, Trumpets tan tara,

The rattling sheepskein, and the whistling Fifer,

What Musicke's this to your eares? ha, farewell,

Farewell, and heaven bleesse thee.

Iac. Good heaven, how slightly

You o're-run my feares, you goe to mee

With a full power, an armed toe abroad,

And leave me single to an enemy

That hath both power and will to ruine me.

Iul. 'Tis treason that thou speak'st, and by the Saint

Of *Spain*, mend it, or I'll discover thee:

Wrong my dread Liege, my King, my Sovereigne,

To say that he should doate upon your face,

Away, away, tis but your beauties pride,

So to belye it selfe thou art not faire,

Thou hast no eye to attract Maiestie,

To looke upon't, say he speake love to thee,

'Twas but to try thee, perhaps 'twas my consent,

Will you enquire the hidden hearts of Kings?

He would not wrong thee for his kingdomes wealth,

Even for my sake, away you wanton foole.

Iac. There has bin ravishers, remember *Tarquin*.

Iul. There has bin chaste Ladies, remember *Lucrece*:

Ile heare no more, my time and haste hath bard me,

My blessing take, heaven and that shall guard thee. *Exit.*

Iac. You leave me in a tempest, heaven guide my fate,

Oh let me sinke ere I be captivate. *Exit.*

Enter

All's lost by Lust.

Enter Pedro, Iago, and Glauco.

Ped. I doe not like this match, this gay out-side
Is cloth of gold, within a ragged lining.

Iag. O poore comparison father, doe they use to line
cloth of gold with cloth of gold, no, but with fine, gentle,
and easie linings, and such my sister may be, for tho I say
it that should not say it, my sister has a good face, a white
necke, and a dainty hand, and that may serve for lining
for the best cloth of gold in all Spaine.

Ped. Cedars and shrubs cannot grow up together.

Iag. Away, away, speake not so like a Wood monger, I'll
Put you downe with a comparison now, doe we not use
To graft sweet apples upon crab-tree stocks, doe we
Not use to enoculate your Malicatoon, upon a Gooseberry?
Such is my sisters case now, say that the noble man
Would enoculate his Lordship upon my sisters yeomandry;
What hurt were in this? would it grieve you to be a
Lords brother, or this old woman to have her Lady
Daughter to aske, Granam, how doe you, will you ride
Abroad in your Croatch, or your embroderd side-saddles?

Gla. I, thou talk'st wildly boy, yet err'st not much
In my conceit, be content man, and adde as meete it is,
Ioy to content, your daughter shall be made a happy woman
By a noble marriage.

Ped. Happy say'st thou, soh 'tis as distant as the Moon from
And has the like effects, it changes oft, (earth,
So with a silves brow, greatnesse lookes on us
Promising and lovely, but once growne full,
It brings swelling billowes to o'whelme us.

Iag. Pray father talk no more of the moon, but of your son,
Not my selfe that am your son and heire, but of your
Son in law that shall be, my noble L. Antonio, Lord of
Barcelona, and his noble Lady my sister, that shall be.

Ped. 'Twill well become her, what armes shall I give to
make her gentle by?

Iag. Those we can buy of the Heralds, you know shee
has

All's lost by Lust.

Has cryde Orenge the most of her time here in Ciuill,
Now a fine Orange for her crest, with Ciuillity
Written round about it woud speake wondrous well,
Then a Capon in a Scutchen with a gizard
Vnder his left arme, with his spurs vpon his heeles
Riding vpon a Leman.

Pea. Away, away
Thy talkes impertinent, what should a Capon
Do with a Leman?

Iaq. I, you say well Father there indeed,
A Capon desires no Leman, and therefore
Wele hope of both that neither the Lord
Proue himselfe a Capon, nor my Sister a Leman.

Pea. I, this thou couerest by a forced figure,
The perfect lesse of all, thence grows my feare:
This loue was first concealede, and borne in lust
How long has hee talt an vnlawfull lesse
Against her Virgin honour, which had hee yeelded,
And beene so lemond, she nere had bin profferd
The stile of wife.

Cha. Peace, see they come.

Enter An. and Margaretta.

Iaq. I marry, here's a Lady, now will weare her owne

Pea. Nay now no further protestations, (haire;
You haue said enough to make me new, or ruine me,
And this my spirit, bids me prophesye
If you repent, as loue might be orefared
In its best desires; and any crosse such
Should fall vpon this your unequal choise,
Yours is the crime, your handmaid must be blamelesse,
Since you haue sought what I haue not desirede,
And yes, you may auoide the fatall doome
(If any such there be) by throwing backe
Your atcheu'de vassayle.

An. Teach me no errour.

I will not learne it, sweetest, if you do.

C

Speake

All's lost by Lust.

Speake nothing now but of those holy rites
Whose sacred hands must guide vs to the path
Of your desired Ioyes.

Mar. Heres all the barre,
When these haue giuen consent I am your owne.

Ant. It shall be done in this acknowledgement.
Father and mother let me but call you so.

Iaq. And brother eke also.

Ant. Yes brother too,
By this I claime them all, your daughter makes
Me your sonne, and you.

Iaq. And my brother.

Ant. Ile not forget that neither.

Iaq. If you do, I will forget to call your Lady Sister.

Clu. Sir, I haue question'd all the will in me,
And finde it now reioyn'd vnto your wish.

Iaq. You haue my good will too brother.

Ped. Mine is wrought out through rocks of doubt and
She is your owne, I send her pilos like
Into an Argosy beyond her sterage.

Ant. Ile hand the helme with her, and there abide
Safetie, or drowning.

Ped. She will be hated when the diu'd full browes
Of noble greatnesse shall be shot against her,
The scorcs and frowns she shall endure, will be
Farre lesse content, then is the humble quiet she enioyes.

Ant. All those I will rebuke, and if the blush
The beauty th'n will check their painted cheekes
With a rebounding shame vpon themselves.
Let not more obstacles be mention'd,
One by let priuacie protect vs yet
Altho we scant the full solemnitie
Due to thy wishes, *Hymen* which afterward
Shall dare the largest blazon.

Marg. Call it mine Sir,
And then the smallest ceremony may serue.
All wants, are onely wanting vnto you
To giue your greatnesse the due ornaments.

All's lost by Lust.

Ant. Shall your kinde paines provide vs of a Priest,
Whom my instructions shall direct you to.

Iaq. Shall I? why who am I pray?

Mar. Yes, good brother do.

Ant. O you teach the sweet, yes good brother do.

Iaq. O as a brother I will, I perceiue these great men
Are somewhat forgetfull of their poore kindred.

Ant. A Fryer in Saint *Asinus* Monastery
Aske for one *Benedicke*, my comends to him
Will bring him with thee, hees prepar'd for it.

Iaq. Ile be the Clarke my selfe for the great sake,
Which you know will arise out of the two and twenty.

Ant. Tush, Ile treble that wages. (borna

Iaq. Nothing grieues me but this wedding will be so still
We shall haue no dancing at it, but Ile foot it
To the Priest howsoever, Fale, la, la, la:

Ant. How ere the kings employment in the warre
Calls on my person, I shall leave behind
My selfe in thee, and beare my selfe along
In thy sweet memory.

Mar. O Sir, you speake of swift divorce.

Ant. Relish to ioy, a breathing from our pleasures,
Come, come, true loue shall eye two hearts in one,

Iaq. O happy proue,

All's lost by Lust

Actus secundus.

Enter Lethario, and Adilena.

Lo. **C**ome old reverence, if euer thou hadst musique
in thee,

To inchant a maydenhead, now strike vp.

Mal. You play well

On the Pandora, Sir I wonder your skill.

Failles to make her dance after it.

Lo. Tush, I giue thee

The precedence, wire strings will not doote, it must be

A winde Instrument that's govern'd with stopping of holes,

Which thou playest well on, my old Violl de gamb,

Come, thou shalt haue reward.

Ma. And what pay haue you for pander ship,

Lo. Little or nothing, it comes short of the bawd alwaies.

Ma. A bawd, why whats a bawd, pander?

Lo. Why bawd, he tell thee what a bawd is.

Mal. Then pander I will tell thee what a pander is.

Lo. A bawds a thing that when the deuill plays at a game,
He turnes vp trump, because thees a helpe.

Mal. But the pander playing with the deuill robs the
To make his hand the stronger, and the cards being
The deuils, he makes out a little heart (and thats all
He has) into the stocke:

Lo. The deuill vyes it with the bawd.

Mal. The pander being drunke sees the deuill.

Lo. The deuill playes on, and looses the bawd.

Mal. And takes away the knaue (which is the pander):
With his five finger. *£*

Lo. And fearing he has not tricks enough
Gives vp his dealing to the bawd, so they shuffle agen,

Mal. Enough of this game.

Lo. Well, the maidenhead is

In this enchanted Castle, thou must blow vp,

Giue

All's lost by Lust.

Give fire old Linstocke, I confesse I am repulst ith van,
If thou faillst too the king comes with a murdering piece
In the rear, oh tis a royall service.

Mal. Well, leave it to me Sir.

Enter Isabella.

Lo. She, she fallies vpon thee, *Asmodeus, Carothus,* and
all the fiends of the flesh
Stand at thine elbow.

Mal. Blesse yefaire Virgin.

Isa. From your age with a virgine Epitaph, if you
No better be then I esteeme you.

Mal. T were pity
Indeed you should be a virgin to my age
Sweet beauty, you woud be like a garment long laid by,
And out of fashion, which tho new, woud not be worth a

Isa. Is that your companion *(wearing)*
Parted with you?

Mal. No companion Lady,
But a friend of mine, as I hope he is of yours.

Isa. Ya're both naught then, and neither friends of mine,
But here you haue me prisoner in your power
If you haue ought to speake to me out with't.

Mal. Ya're belov'd Lady, and which is more,
Yea most,
Of a king beloude.

Isa. A good induction;
And all this I may deserue being a loyall subiect.

Mal. Your loyalty may be mixt with his royalty,
If youle be rulde, vnderstand, kings are not common things,
Nor are their actions common, all things are
Proper, and peculiar vnto them, so Ladies
Whom they loue, are commonly proper Ladies, who being
Proper, cannot be counted common.

Isa. Tis all
My pride, Me be accounted proper.

Mal. Onely to a king.

Isa. And

All's lost by Lust.

Iac. And common to all the world besides,
That were grosse. (you be

Mal. You wrest my meaning virgin, I woud not haue

Iac. A virgin, is not that your meaning?

Mal. Now you come to me;

*I*st true: For what is a virgin? knew you as much
As I youd nere be a virgin.

Iac. I dare swear I shoud not.

Mal. A virgin? why tis as much as to say because
You were borne a childe you shoud euer be so;

This were ridiculous. Virginity,

Why tis a lewell kaptin a Gasker,

Which neuer open'd, as good you neuer had in;

Shall muske be alwayes kept in the Cod, how shall

The sweetnesse be tasted then? Virginity is

Like a false friend to you, which indeed is better lost then

Iac. Out shame of women, thou the falsest art, (kept

Be lost for euer looking on my face,

Or loose those instruments they lookst withall,

Immodestyes in men are veniall,

When women rebell against their weaker selues.

Out hag, turne thee into some other shape,

Or I shall curse my selfe for being one

Of thy bad sex.

Enter Roderique.

Mal. Nay, I haue done with you Lady,

If Flags of truce will not serue, you must look

For defiance, and here he comes that brings it with him;

Iac. All powers of goodnesse guard me.

Red. Speake, is she pliant?

Mal. Stubborn as an Elephants leg, no bending to her;

You know what you haue to do my Leige, trues that

Will not yeeld their fruit by gentle shaking, must

Be climde, and haue it pulde by violence.

Red. Giue leauc.

Mal. I woud she woud giue leauc as soone

All's lost by Lust.

As I, you should not be troubled to take a duty
From me, I would fall at your feet my Leige. *Exit.*

Red. Why turne you from us Lady?

Is. O my Leige,
I turne not from your face, but from your power,
You bring a frowne, I dare not looke upon.

Red. Your thoughts instruct you ill, I do not frowne,
But smile upon you.

Is. I craue your pardon, and bend
My knee, your true obedient servant, my life
I'll lay an offering at your feet, what may I
Would you from your humble vassal?

Red. Nothing to much,
But for lesse then cyther, thy love faire virgin.

Is. Keeping this name, you have it ever.

Red. What name?

Is. A virgin, you have my prayers daily to heaven
For your long soveraignties, your honours health and
(Storye)

Red. Tis good, and will you deny your selfe, what you
From others? I would achieve a victory from you.

Is. Sir, I am not your foe.

Red. Concluded well,
Approue your selfe a friend, the war is love,
Wherein we two must strive make us no warre,
But yeild it freely.

Is. It is not love you seek;
But an Antipathy as dissonant
As heaven and hell, the musique of the spheres
Compare with quills, and the howles below.
Can lust be said love, then let men seek hell,
For there the fiery fiends do dwell.

Red. We come not to dispute of good, and bad,
Do as your sex has done, taste what is forbid,
And then distinguish of the difference,
I come not now to war with eloquence,
These treaties are all past, if you embrace
Our profferd love, we pray, or call it lust,

All's lost by Lust.

If not, we speake a king to you, you must

Iac. Will you be a Raviſher?

Red. Caſt as you pleaſe,

We have a burning ſeauer, and the diſeaſe

You muſt lay baſſum to.

Iac. Poyſon be it,

A ſerpentine, and deadly ſconite,

Neuer ſurvive to know what you have done,

But periſh in the deed; where begun.

Red. Theſe blaſts are Zephirus breath, a gentle gale

When it blows high,

Iac. Then let my ſeaſon be ſeaſon

Red. The ſacrifice of fooler, the proverb ſetches

None pitties women ſeaſes, but I deots borne

Iac. Remember what my Father does for you,

Hees gone to brandiſh gainſt your enemies,

Hees ſetching you honour home while at home

You will diſhonour him;

Red. My purpoſe twas,

To ſend him forth the better to achieve

My conqueſt here.

Iac. Tyranoous vnkingly;

Red. Tuſh, I have no cares.

Iac. Hele be reveng'd;

Red. Pitty, nor ſeaſon ſeaſes.

Iac. Help, help, ſome good hand

Red. Theſe none within thy call;

Iac. Heaven heares.

Red. Tuſh, tis far off

Iac. See heaven, a wicked king, liſt ſlaynes his Crowne,

Or ſtrike me dead; or throw a vengeance downe

Red. Tuſh heaven is deaf, and hell ſilence in thy crye.

Iac. Be curſed in the ſea, and curſed dye.

Red. Ile ſtop the reſt within thee.

Exit dragging her.

Enter

All's Vost by Lust

Enter Iulianus, Medina, Antonio, Lazarella.

Int. Not the messenger returned from the Castle
With answer from *Alonso*?

Enter Alonso and Desdemonia.

Med. See my Lord, they come together.

Alon. Noble *Iulianus*, the dignity of generall
You weare, be with your valour individuall,
Till we haue made it triple by our conquests,
Then let that threefold one, impale your browes,
And beare it to king *Roderique* in triumph.

Int. Worthy *Alonso*, you must helpe your wishes
Ere they can take effect, your approved arme
Will be a good assistant, but I pray Sir,
How haue you kept your Castle so unbruised?
The foe not far distant, haue you not tane
Nor giuen? no fallying forth, no buffeting?

Alon. My Lord, we haue bene, et as quiet as in league,
Which makes me guesse their number is not full,
They haue not yet, unlesse with grim aspects
So much as frightened this my tender daughter.

Des. Tender father, I pray let not your pity disparadge
I haue seene a sword whipt out starke naked in my time,
And neuer squeaks, Do you thinke a *Sorcerer* head,
Or a Blackmooses face can affright me, let me then
Be afraid of every chimney sweeper.

Int. Good spirit yf faith,
Even such a souldier haue I left behinde,
I had much adoe to keepe her from the field,
Poore *Isabella*, had I knowne such a sworne sister for her
I should almost haue giuen her leave.

Alon. Ile tell you Sir,
Were there a band of buskind Amazons
That woud tucke up their skirts, and strike indeed
My girl should weare bright *Menalippas* belt

All's lost by Lust.

She should be formost; and I'll venture her.

Laz. Is she such a striker, my Lord?

Dia. All at head,

No where else, beleeve me Sir, we hold it base
To strike below the waist.

Laz. You fight high Lady,

Ant. So she does at heart I thinke.

Int. So, so, to her batchellours,

Antonio, Lazarello, Madmay, Come Alonzo,

You and I must make more seriously upon our war intend-

Laz. The generall wrongs you so call your batchellours

Ant. Would he did not wrong me.

Laz. Have not you a Cordaine

A heart fever now, that Do you thinke there is,

A Phenix now, is there but one good face

In the world?

Ant. I see nothing in her face,

Prethee attempt to make her speak again.

Laz. Her tongue may if you like her tongue, you must
Like her style, for she one uiren the others Lady

What would you give now for Moores heads by the dozen?

Dia. I would buy by the score Sir.

Laz. And what score then?

Dia. Chalke best for the score, every alewife knows that.

Laz. You talke of chalke, and I of cheere.

Dia. Hees in the list dish, pray take him away here.

Laz. I have not done yet, will you buy any ware of me?

Dia. What? proffer'd ware still?

Ant. Give o're, thou wilt be foyld all.

Laz. Why, heres a wench now, I had rather be with her
Witt, then with the best piece of flesh in Chuslendome,
I could begger young Mercuries on her, with
The very conceits would you had had a good paire
Of eyes in your head.

Ant. They are false glasses, and will
Deceive me.

Alls lost by Lust.

Enter A Scour

My Lords to armes, the foe discover'd,
Marching amaine upon you.

Int. We are in readinesse, our Councels broke,
Advice must be all blows, Ladie to your hold,
And at advantage, see what these youths will do;
To gaine your love, nobly for Spaine speake drum,
And if they call, answer for us, they come. *Exeunt.*

Alarm. *Enter Mully Mamon King of the Moors.*

Mul. Descend thy spheare, thou burning Diety,
Haste from our shame, go blushing to thy bed,
Thy sonnes we are, thou everlasting ball,
Yet never shame these our impessive brows
Till now, we that are stamp't with thine owne seal,
Which the whole ocean cannot wash away
Shall those cold agne cheeks that nature moulds
Within her winter shop, those soothe white skins,
That with a palley hand she paints the limbes,
Make us recoyle.

Enter Zacharias

Zac. Great *Mahmoun* haste,
Either give heart to our retyring troupe
By a fresh onse, or haste to sitle by
Flight and bafenesse: *Semir amir* slaine.

Mul. Where's our brother *Mahm* *Mahmoun*?

Zac. Rounded with danger,
Where he behaves himselfe nobly *Heldilimb* *aidy*,
Engfer, and five *Alchaidas* more are gone
Up to his rescue, and if not more he dies,
Or is captiv'd.

Mul. Wele partake either or both with him,
They are both noble, but too basely flie

All's lost by Lust.

Is to preserve life, and let honour die,
Fall then my flesh, so there survive my name,
Who flies from honour, follows after shame.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Iulianus, Antonio, and Alonso.

Iul. Antonio, now by the Saint of Spaine

You haue made your selfe remarkable to day,
Valour, exceeding valour, was not lookt for
Which you haue shewne to day.

Alon. So nobly Sir, that I could wish my daughter
Were in love with you, and your vertues, would you
Requite it, her dowry should be so thousand crownes,
More then Keuer means it.

Ant. O heara, thou speak'st too late,
My Lords your praises, and your noble wishes
Makes me esteeme my selfe behind hand with fame.
Heres yet more worke to do.

Iul. One *Mully* we haue tane,
If *Mumen* flie not, hees his fellow captive.

Ant. There my new fortunes shall their honour prove,
Then fare well war, next wele war faire with love.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Exeunt from. Enter Iulianus and Medina, with two prisoners.

Iul. Medina, post to king *Roderique*, do thus and thinke,
Tell our royall Master what worke we haue done him!
You see and know, and it needs no relation,
Here are royall prisoners.

Moors. How will you use us?

Iul. As in captivity we will our selves.

Amb. May we not be ransom'd?

Iul. As from the king
We shall receiue as his pleasure returns us,
Meane time you shall haue cause to blame
Your fortunes, not your conquestours, where's *Alonso*

The.

All's lost by Lust.

The best deseruer of this dayes honour.

Med. Retire to his tent.

Int. Not wounded, is he?

Med. No my Lord, but weary.

Int. So we are all,

Now we have time to rest, and get new breath,

We conquer to the life, and not to death.

Exunt.

Enter Antonio reading a letter, Lacatella.

Laz. Now Antonio, where's *Margaretta* now?

Ant. Here.

Laz. Whose that in your hand then?

Ant. I know not, looke, tis gone.

Laz. Fie, youle take it up againe, come, come, hope.

This is *Dionissias* charactier, a hand worth your heart,

Peruse it better, so, so, tis well.

Ladies faire hands must not be rejected so,

I did foresee this dangerous relapse,

You are in love.

Ant. With *Margaretta*.

Laz. With *Dionissias*.

Nor do you shame it, rather cherish it.

It is a chose becoming your high blood.

What you have done, make it a say, wal

Vnto your best desires.

Ant. O *Lacatella*!

Thou giv'st me poyson to recure a wound.

Already mortall.

Laz. Why this is speedie haste.

I know your sated pleasures would throw up

Their over-cloyde reech, you have beene noble

In your brave deeds of armes, who shall bea

Your beggars issue, they are Antipathies.

How would it sound to haue puer *Margaretta*

Her Lord hath brought home honoure from the warre.

T'would staine your worth to be so vainly boasted.

No, this Lady would multiply your praises with her phrase.

All's lost by Lust.

Lest *Dionisa* say that her *Antonia*
Won the palme of victory, then y^e are thronde,
And musique gracing the solemnitie.

Ant. One word confutes thee, ever into silence,
I am married.

Laz. A mistake in private, who knows that?

Ant. Margareta,
And my selfe, besides a thousand witnesses within

Laz. Quit you those, and who dares speake it else?

Ant. Who dares not speake a truth.

La. Dares not, who dares?

What danger is more great then to speake truth?

If poore ones durst speake plaine of great mens faults,

There needed no libelling.

Ant. I'll shake freedoms,

Oh what a bed of snakes struggle within me.

La. Tush, they are but wormes, and I'll give thee seed
(and reasons

To destroy 'em; y^e are married.

Ant. A good phyitian,

Thou killst me quickly to haste me out of paine.

La. Tush, I must first draw the corruption forth,

And then apply the healing medicines.

Ant. Perswade me to turne Turk, or Moore, Mahometan.

For by the lustfull lawes of *Mohomet*

I may have threewives more.

La. And concubines besides, turne *Moore*!

Do you expect such canfall from your friend?

Wrong me not so, I'll shew you a Christian way

At least a way dispenc'd with Christians.

Say you distaste your match, as well you may,

When truth shall be unask'd, and flume walks by,

Bearing a blushing scatch to light them both.

Mend then the cause before it take effect,

Annihilate your marriage, that's the cure.

Tis private yet, let it be private still.

Allow your *Mary* a pension,

She may be light to us, as that *Mary* said.

My last by Day

To embrace you, say she he told your where I saw
For some thing that may breed from what I done,
Better her shame then yours, a common thing:
Poore beautie was proud of noble hardie.

Ant. Fearfull counsell.

La. Does your *Mary* love you?

Ant. Beyond her life.

La. Good, marry *Diuisa*, griefe kills her, then are you

Ant. Horrible murther, twice lesse tyranny
To kill at once, then by a lingering poyson.

La. Ha! poyson? what white devill prompted that
Poyson, brave, the very change of friendship, the trill
Of a friends love to death, would you make sure
Of a friends constancy? let it poyson with strike it dead.
And to the quick way, and may he drink to you
Even in the same poyson, he shall drink to you
Or accept these gloves, the taste, the touch, the sight,
Tush, any sence will take is kindly.

Ant. I'll heare no more from thee, for I must to make
A positive bad, by a vild performance.

La. *Diuisa*.

La. Ha?

Looke yonder, those eyes speake better drily
In very silence, where's poore *Mary* now?

Ant. Oh my heart,
Looke upon that face, well, yare my friend,

And by this true loves knot, bid I that face
But in certtification after your decaie,

I thinke I should give you physicke for.

Di. Worthy Sir,

My noble father intreats some words with you.

Ant. A happy messenger in my way to him,

How shall I quit your paines?

Di. I'll take my travell for Sir.

Ant. Tis too little.

Di. A thicke is too much Sir.

Alls lost by Death.

For I was loth to have travell'de this farre, had not
Obedience tided me too.

Ant. You are too quicke.

Dis. Too quicke Sir, why what occasion have I given
To with me dead?

Ant. I cannot keepe this pace with you, Lady,
I'll go speake with your father.

Dis. I pray stay Sir, I'll speake with you my selfe.

Ant. Before your father.

Dis. No, herein private by your selfe.

Ant. He stop my carer; Madam.

Dis. Why, are they running away from your head Sir?

Ant. I meane I'll shake them up from hearing, Lady.

Dis. You may, no doubt they have wix o' their owne.

Ant. Venture they care no farther good Death will
She will endanger them; but Lady now I thinke on
Speake, is not this your hand?

Dis. I have three then it should seeme,
For I have two of my owne hanging.

Ant. This is your later hanging.

Dis. You know my minde then by this time.

Ant. If I may be your expositor, Lady, I thinke I do.

Dis. And how do you expound me Sir?

Ant. Kinde and loving.

Dis. Kinde and loving were a good commendation
For a sow and her pig.

Ant. You aske me the reason why I enquire your age
How you are y^e How you are y^e (of your father.

Dis. 'Tis true Sir, for what have you to do with my age?

Ant. I'de rather have to do with your youth, Lady.

Dis. Who, my page?

Ant. Fye Madam, you are too apprehensive, too suspicious,
Your wit has webbed your praece.

Dis. What a crowne is charged on a bold crowne.

Ant. My crowne itches for aithen Lady, I'll wash it.

Dis. Yet you may scratch it through.

Ant. Come, come, your wit is a good thing, but for wile it.

Dis. Unless it remove out of my head, I will.

All's Lost by Lust.

For I must tire that.

Ant. I thinke you loye me.

Dis. You and I may be of two opinions,
I thinke not so now.

Ant. Come, your hand has betraide you,
Do not you plainly say here, we two should be well matcht?

Dis. O strange, he steals halfe a text to uphold
His heresie; but what follows, we should be well matcht
At a game of shittlecocke, the meaning is, (matcht;
For a couple of light headed things we could not be over
He might have conceited that that could have but said
B to a battler; but come Sir, you have said
Enough to me, will you go speake with my father?

Ant. This I'll adde first, which I'll avouch unto
Your fathers face, I love you.

Dis. This I'll confirme to you,
And to my fathers face, but I'll not promise you,
Whether I blush or no, I do not hate you.

Ant. I'll follow you, yet give me leave ere you go
To give a gratitude unto your lip.

Dis. My lips do not stand in the high way to beg
A charity, as open as they appeare to you.
You'll follow me Sir.

Ant. I cannot stay long after.

Dis. Soft I'me in your debt Sir, did you bestow a kisse!

Ant. I did so farre presume. (on me?

Dis. Take it againe.

So now I am out of your debt, hereafter never feare
To lend freely to one that payes so willingly.

Lac. Now Sir, what do you do?

Ant. I am dissolving an Enigma.

Dis. Let me helpe you, what is it.

Ant. I would faine know

What kinde of thing a mans heart is.

Lac. Were you never

At Barbar Surgeons hall to see a dissection?

I'll report it to you, tis a thing strange

With diverse corners, and into every corner

All's lost by Lust

A man may entertaine a friend, there came
The proverbe, a man may love one well, and yet
Retaine a friend in a corner.

Ant. Tush, tis not

The reall heart, but she unscene faculies.

Laz. Those I'll decipher unto you, for surely

The most part are but ciphers: the heart indeed

For the most part doth keepe a better guest

Then himselfe in him, that is the soule: now the soule

Being a tree, there are divers branches spreading out of it,

As loving affection, suffering sorrow, and the like,

Then Sir, these affections, or sorrowes, being but branches,

Are sometimes lopt off, or of themselves wither,

And new shoot in their roomes. As for example,

Your friend dies, there appeares sorrow, but it quickly

Withers, then is that branch gone. Again you love a friend,

There affection springs forth, at last you dislike,

Then that branch withers againe, and another buds

In his roomes. Shall I give you history to this morall?

Ant. No, I can doot my selfe, oh, *Lazarus*

La. So shees in the vocative case already, if she slide

Into the ablative, shees through quite out of the number.

Ant. I am lost *Lazarus*.

La. I shall finde you againe

In *Dominus*.

Ant. Must I backe slide.

La. If you can finde in your heart, you must.

Ant. My heart

A shell to me.

La. Faith all your body

Will be accessary too, I am a friend;

Come, come, league with your thoughts, you are so nice.

Ant. How ill thou speakest of good, *Lazarus*!

Tis now concluded in me, I will on.

I must, although I meet destruction;

Downe hill we run, *Lazarus*!

Easie descents to hell, *Lazarus*!

With diverse corners and into every corner

Ant.

All's lost by Lust.

Actus tertius.

Enter Luthario, and Isabella.

L. **Q**uict your tongue, or I'll take away your liberty,
Know you are under me, and my command.

Isa. Quict my tongue, art officer of hell!

Thou say'st to the devill, fleshly fiend,

I'll waken heaven and earth with my exclamings,

Astonish hell for feare, the sea be doubled

In the due vengeance of my hainous wrong.

My heavy hainous wrong.

L. Forbear, I say: you are a crackt virgin,

And I'll bestow the widows almes on you.

In charity, if you not hold your tongue.

Isa. Worst of humanity, hold thou thy tongue,

Shame thou to speake, my shame enforseth me.

L. Come, come, my kinde (what shall I call thee)

For it is now doubtfull what thou art, being neither

Maide, wife, nor (having your reverence) widow.

Ha! Doe'st spit at me! I'll have you spitted for this trick,

And I will turne you as you see, and moreover

I will bast you.

Isa. O that I could spit out the spiders bladder,

Or the toads intrals into thee, to take pain

And mixe with the diseases that thou bearest,

And altogether choke thee, or that my tongue

Were pointed with a fiery Pyramis

To strike thee through, thou bundle of diseases,

This store-house of some shaggy meteor,

Some blazing fire thou o're thy fatall birth,

And laid up all her bad effects in thee,

Gouts, aches, dropsies, and a hundred more,

For were not poisons to thee naturall,

Thy owne soule would strangle thee.

Spits at him.

Alls lost by Lust.

Lo. Thou art a looser, and I do consider it,
Thou hast lost a maydenhead, a shrewd cracke:
A flaw that will hardly be scoured againe;
Some there be that can passe away these counterfeits,
For currant, as brasse money may be taken
For silver, yet it can never be the same,
Nor restore to his first purity, this I consider,
And beare, (but presume not too much to trouble
The poole of my patience, it may rise soule) it may.

Iac. O that thine eyes were worth the plucking out,
Or thy base heart, the labour I should take
In rending up thy bosome, I should but open
A vault to poyson me (deseiled wretch)
The hangmans man, basest degree of baseness,
Thou liv'st upon the lees and dregs of lust,
Thy soule is a hyde hackney towards hell,
O *Iulianus*, my much honour'd father,
How is thy simple faith deluded now!
Thou hadst not so much thought of ill in thee,
To breede a bad opinion of a villainie,
Tyrant, and ravisher, whilst thou art winning
Renowne and honour from Spaines enemies,
Spaine has dishonour'd and imprisoned me:
Thou understandst not this, unless the winds
Vpon their fleeting convey beare it thee,
Some gentle vision tell thee in thy sleepes,
And heaven instruct thee with a waking faith,
True to beleve thy slumbers, boyle out my blood,
And at the briny limbecke of mine eyes
Distill my faculties, alone I'll sell
My sorrowes unto heaven, my eare to hell,
And there I'll mixe that wretch, from whence they rise,
Oh whilst I looke on him, I loath mine eyes.

Lo. But that I have some kinder purpose, I would not
Be thus baited; I am given to the deuil as well
As the king my Master, I have some hope to rise
This dish after him, but tis yet too hot for me,
It will coole, and then I will draw my blade, and have

All's lost by Lust.

A flash at it: this womans two edged tongue,
And this burthen of flesh that I beare about me,
Hath made me so heavy, I must take a nap.
Cob, boy, Cob, page.

Enter Page.
Cob. Here Sir.

Lo. There is something gone
Into my eares that troubles my braine, blow in
Some musique to fetch it out againe.

Cob. The best I can, my Lord.

Lo. And hearken you, having done, ascend the Tower
And see if you can discover his Majesty
Coming to the Castle this house he appointed
For his recreation, if you do, defend
And give me warning.

Cob. I will.

Enter Cob.
So I have told my Lord all sleep,
I see he takes my musique heavily,
Therefore I'll sing no more: now to my Tower
To see if the king come, now he may take him napping.

Enter Page.
Enter Lucina.

Luc. There is no resting place within a prison
To make my sorrows less, and mourning
I throw 'um forth, but empty comes it all.
Ha, all sleep! I, security can sleep,
Gaius a true watchman: how the doleful notes
Thine in hell within him, and what a black
Thou stand'st doer in the land!
I could with his office have been noble
But I have better thought, that I should
My release from prison: Can I not?

All's lost by Lust.

Of better release, no, I will not delay it,
I will keepe backe my sinnes from multitudes,
And I may flie for safety to my father.
Theres diuers wayes, heaven instruct the private,
And best for my escape: fare ill, not well,
Thou and thy lustfull Master from all but one,
This key now frees me, O! that I beare about,
Which none but mercies key can deliver out.

Enter Col.

Col. My Lord, I see the King comming privately
By himselfe, my Lord, one were as good as ten
To wake a watchman at three a clocke in the morning,
My Lord, lend me your keyes if you be not this your selfe:
Me thinks he should wake himselfe with snoring, but he
The more noise makes him sleepe the sounder; the best is,

I take it, the king has a private key to let in himselfe,
If he have, he will do his own work himselfe, and my Lord
For this time shall be an innocent plunder,
In this act of sleepe a harmlesse thiefe and may be so
To his owne wife, Tis as I guess, he's come
In of himselfe.

Enter Rodriguez.

Rod. Where's your Master?

Col. He's here in his private meditation, my Leige
In his private meditation, my Leige

Rod. He was ever heere, where's his Leige?

Col. Safe enough,

My Leige, the French my Lord into their hands
With the very multitude of his tongue, but they were all diff-

Rod. Commend me to his father, his father sends me word,
He has a noble fortune to bring home
Conquer and a royall end, but I shall not well
Requite him: therefore I must now be gone.

What

Alas my Lord

What I returne, how the villaine snores!
Sleepe on Sir, your sinne will be the lesse, in being
My bawd. Now where is she?

Enter Cob.

Cob. Alas my Lord,
I have beene -

Red. Beene impo, where have you beene?

Cob. Seeking about all the corners in the Castle
For iacinta.

Red. Why, is she to seeke slava?

Cob. I can neither heare nor see her any where.

Red. Rogue, thou neither seest, nor hearst more if I see

Cob. I'll go seeke better, my Leige. I doubtlesse leger-

But if I finde not her within, I know the way out. *Exit.*

Red. You dormouse body of slay, bundle of security,
Awake Rogue, pocks of your heavy flesh, hast thou no

La. My minion, I'll clog your heeles with iron for this,
Will you not let me rest by you?

Red. Mischiefe ope your eye-lids, blocke image.

La. I will tell the king, and he shall tickle you for this.

Red. Sir death, I'll tickle you for this, in a loggerhead,

La. O my Leige, is in your Majesty, I beseech you par-

These after dinner-naps are the repalls to my body.

Red. Diseases devour your body, where's iacinta?

La. Safe, safe, my Leige, my my keyes, where's my keyes,
Saw you my keyes, my Leige?

Red. Confinde, she has the keyes, and is the castle
Dog, hell-hound, thou shalt see my face ere

La. Nay but my Lord, I beseech you, I beseech you, I beseech you,
And the other, he's a rogue, he's a rogue, he's a rogue.

When

Mrs. Lyside Dm.

When I went to sleepe, and my first dreame told me
They were there still. My boy, my Col, saw you my Col,
(my Leige?

Red. Dogs worry you both, search slave in every angle,
Send pursuite after her, if thou returnst her not,
Thou shalt curse thy being.

Lo. If she be not above steeples,
Nor beneath hell, I'll finde her, for so high
And low I can reach, and dive, as heavy as I am. *Exit.*

Red. If she escape us, and once reach her father,
Now in his height of honour, we know not how
He may receive his wrongs, nor the event,
We will command him distant from the Courts,
And his prisoners sent to us, And this shall haste
Before her possible speed, if she scape:

Wele threaten his head to lose, if he deny 'um,
Those that do wrong, had need keepe safety by 'um.

Enter Mrs. Lyside and Flocks the Mount.

Mrs. O that some striking aire had blasted me
Before this poyson entred at mine eares
Married?

Fy. Madam, sweet Madam.

Mrs. Madam, prethee mock me not, nor gaud my folly
With such a lisse wolle ornament.

Madam, is the mad dame, and thence mad woman:
Define it to me, I will borrow still

That little of my store. A coat of disue

If a foole weares it, is but a fooler coat.

Such are my trappings, oh for time that's gone.

Equality, oh sweet equality,

Borne under *Libra*, thou hast both right hands,

Withour advantage, or priority.

Base ones made big by beauty are but flatts,

Their Lords nere truly bed but in their graves.

Has a dangerous conceit, call my Brother, *Madam.*

Fy. Then let his counsell you, know fees open,

Plaine

Alls lost by Lust.

Plaine, and rusticall, and altered from his first condition,
What ever your purpose is, let it not appeare to him.

Mar. Prethee be gone, and call him.

Am I despis'd so soone? wedlocke uniuert,
Vnequall nuptials are not love, but lust:
Come backe past time, oh tis a fruitlesse call,
I may repent, but finde no helpe at all.
Now I forestall thee heaven ere I begin,
Forgive me, I must act some a heinous sinne,
I must now be chang'd.

Enter Clewre, and Fydella.

Cle. *Ia.* Lady sister, did your Madamship
Send for my worship?

Mar. I did send for you brother.

Ia. You may intreat me.

Mar. I hope so, I have a letter

To my Lord (brother) containing so much love
And secrecie, as I would trust none willingly
But your selfe for the delivery.

Ia. A letter sister?

I would not have you to take me for a Carrier,
Or a Porter to carry words, or letters more
Then it pleases me, yet in the way of a Nuntius,
Partly Embassadour, or so, I will
Travell for your sake.

Mar. Looke you, this is all, brother.

Ia. Is this all sister?

Mar. Vnlesse youle adde another
Commends by word of mouth.

Ia. By word of mouth?

Twas not well spoken sister.

Mar. Why brother?

Ia. Why what words are there, but words of the mouth?
Except it be words of the tayle, which would sound but ill.
In my Lord brothers eares: for words behinde
A mans backe are but winde, you know that.

All's lost by Lust.

Mar. But be most carefull in the delivery, I entreat you
(brother)
You know our wedding is onely knowne to us,
A thing conceald from wide mouthed rumour, then should
Find him in company with Nobles of his own rank: (you
Iaq. Tush, I can smell the rankness of them all.

Mar. Say amongst Ladies you should find him sporting
Dancing, kissing, or any such like wantonnesse,
Take heed your rude approach does not move him to any
(dislike,

Iaq. O my nowne sister, my nose is a little more a kin
(to you)
Now then ever it was, you woud have me be an informer
Of unlawfull games, as Ticke, whipper giddy, in & in.

Mar. No trust me brother, onely to instruct you I speak,
For the least disparagement should chance to him
His pleasure forbidding it, would be a death to me,

Iaq. Well sister, here's my hand, and my heart is forbe
(where)
Here about me too, but I'd be loath to bring him
Forth to witness, but I will be very carefull.

Mar. You undo me else brother,

Iaq. Pha, d'e thinke me for
A foole or your brother (sister)

Mar. Do not thinke
But at your returne I shall be very thankfull

Iaq. As for that, it is sufficient your Indiscretion is my sister;
oh ye little amiable rogue you, a good face is a good
dowry, I see sometimes, when we two tumbled both in a
belly together, little did our mother thinke which should
have beene the Madam, I might have beene cor the tother
way iffaith, if it had pleased the sisters three, if the Mid-
wife had but knowne my minde when I was borne, I had
beene two stone lighter, but much good do thee with thy
good fortunes, farewell honourable flesh and blood, I will
deliver to my noble brother, pretty trim Lady, I thinke we
are eyde alike, fare thee well, I cannot chafe but see thee as
long as I looke upon thee.

Exit.

Mar.

All's lost by Lust.

Mar. Effect thy owne content, paper and inke,
And then thou bringst the worke into my hands.

Fudella.

Fud. Madam.

Mar. Thou louest me **Fudella.**

Fud. Do you make a question ont Lady?

Mar. No, I rather

Speake it as acknowledgement, suppose I went
In the right noble way, to meet my foe
I'th field, woudst be my second.

Fud. To my second life, Madam.

Mar. I doe intend no such viragoes part,
But in shape, a danger to thee farre more worse, (stand,
But when tis done, the frowious world shall haue to under-
Spite of the low condition of my birth,
High spirits may be lodg'd in humble earth. **Exeunt.**

Enter Diuina and Antonia.

Dis. Sad still?

Ant. I am as I was ever Lady,
Full of reryed thoughts.

Dis. You draw these backward
Should be comming on, and meet in nuptiall pleasures.

Ant. All strive to be their owne Physicians (Lady)
We know whats best and fittest to be done,
But who can follow it?

Dis. Till the disease be knowne
In vaine it were to study remedy,
Pray whats your cause of sadnesse?

Ant. I haue none, Lady.

Dis. Why are you not merry then?

Ant. You must finde fault with my complexion for't,
Nature, perhaps, has not compounded me
Of equall portions, yet you discover
Diseases outward, I not feele within,
Me thinkes I'me merry.

Dis. No, I haue heard you sigh so violent,

All's lost by Lust.

They have wak't my slumbers with you in bed,
One gust following another, as you woud breath
Out all your aire together, there most be cause.

Ant. I know not how to win your good beliefe, Lady,
But if youle trust me; *Lazarillo* come hither.

Enter Clewne.

Iaq. A marrin o the carrier brought me hither, I shall sit
the worse this two dayes, but I thinke I have requited his
sides for't; Now to my letter, pat yffaith, here's my noble
brother; hum, I have a pestilent Lady to my sister, she told
me I should finde him amongst Ladies; if she had said Lady
she had guest singular well yffaith, I will carry it as well as
I can for my honourable brothers credit.

Dio. Fie, that's a lame excuse, you won not honour
Equall with your will, my selfe from the Castle saw you,
Most nobly do, I saw you up horse there have opposers,
You kild and captiv'd many enemies.

Laz. Nay now sweet Lady
You make too strict an inquisition,
Men emulate in honour for the best,
Who woud be second that can formeost be
For this a man may wrangle with his fate,
And grieve and envy at anothers fortunes.

Iaq. Hum, hum, hum.

Laz. See you yon fellow.

Ant. Wait him hence good *Lazarillo*, I am undone else,
Looke here *Dionisia*, here's a Jewell,
I never shewed thee yet.

Dio. Tis a very pretty one;
Shall I have it?

Ant. With all my heart sweet.

Iaq. He gives me ayme, I am three bows too short,
I'll come up nearer next time.

Dio. When does the Army
March hence, *Antonio*?

Ant. Some

All's lost by Lust.

Ant. Some three dayes hence
I must prepare to go:

Dis. I'll go with you *Antonio*,

Ant. By no meanes sweet, I'll send for thee
With more harmonious musique:

Dis. Indeed I must.

Ant. Come, come, indeed you shall not.

Laz. He wou not off Sir.

Ant. A mischief carry him:

Iag. No! shall I have no notice taken of me!

I'll begin in another tone with you Hum, hum, hum,

There was a Nobleman of Spaine, Lady, Lady,

That went abroad, and came not againe.

To his poore Lady.

Oh cruell age, when one proud brother, Lady, Lady,

Shall scorne to looke upon another,

Of his poore Lady.

Dis. How now, what fellow's this?

Iag. No mans fellow here, Lady, yet a good fellow too
In place where,

Laz. Who! this fellow, Lady! he that knows not him,
Knows not a man of mirth, this Doctor I tell you

Gives as good cure for the melancholy
As the best Emperick in Spaine, what ere he be.

Dis. I woud he woud practise on *Antonio* then.

Laz. Troth Madam tis a good plot, please you to walke
I'll man you to the Castle, leave them together,

Tis an equall match, if he make him not merry,
Heele most terribly trouble his melancholly.

Ant. Heele make me more sad I feare.

Dis. I had rather stay and partake some mirth.

Iag. I am no womans foole (sweet Lady) tis two trades
in Sirill, as your mans Taylor, and your womans Taylors:
So your Lords foole, and your Ladies foole, I am for the
tongue, not for the bauble.

Dis. Well *Antonio*, I'll leave you, and sirra make him
And I'll reward thee: (merry,

Iag. If I cannot make him merrie, I know who can.

All's lost by Love.

Dis. Who I prethee?

Ant. I will out.

Iaq. Why my——you can Lady.

Dis. Now you jest too broad sirra.

Iaq. That's womans jesting, Madam.

Exit Luc. and Dis.

Ant. I was afraid he woud have namde his sister.

Iaq. I will make bold to be cover'd, brother thou knowest

Ant. Oh brother.

Iaq. Looke thee theres black and white for thee from the little honourable rascall my sister, and a thousand commendations too without booke, which I was bid to tell thee by roat, if thou canst reade and heare all at once,

Ant. Yes I can.

Iaq. Theres honourable bones a breeding, my sister is the peevishest piece of Ladies flesh growne of late, we have good sport at it to see her vexe and fret, she boxes me as familiarly as if I were her Cobler, for talking to her, an unnatural varlet, to strike her owne flesh and bloud, but I beare with her for thy sake.

Ant. I thanke you fort, brother.

Iaq. Nay, she cuts her lace, and cuts raw fruit too, what sallet do you thinke she long'd for tother day?

Ant. I know not.

Iaq. For a what doe call 'um? those long upright things that grow a yard above the ground; oh Cuckow pindle roots, but I got her her belly full at last.

Ant. So twas well.

Iaq. But the best tell was, she bit her shoemaker by the eare as he was drawing on her shoes, and another time her Taylor for girding her too straigh, he had a long nose, but she did so pinch his bill; what, hast thou good newes brother?

Ant. Very good brother, all I reade are well.

Iaq. Yes saith brother, we are in health, and drinke to thine sometimes.

Ant. Brother, I woud have your swin returne.

Iaq.

All's lost by Last.

Iag. Twas my sisters charge, she thinks of long things,
poore heart.

Ant. I cannot give you the entertainment I woud brother,
but I pray you let this provide for you.

Iag. This is Hostesse, Tapster, Chamberlaine, & all, brother,

Ant. In the morning early my letter shall bee ready
for you.

Iag. I will lye in my boots all night, but Ple bee ready
as soone as your letter. *Enter noies, mi frater.*

Ant. Stay brother, one thing I must aske you,
And pray you tell me, Whats your thought of me,
Finding me in a Ladies company?

Iag. O brother, I woud not have you thinke you have
a foole to your kindred, what? I understand these toyes,
there are fowle, and there are fish, there are wag-tayles, and
there are Mermayds.

Ant. Of what sort do you thinke she is?

Iag. Oh brother, definitions and distinctions I lie on
um, come, I know flesh and bloud will be sporting. And
I were a married man my selfe, I woud not alwayes be at
home, I woud hawke, and hunt, and ride, there are divers
members in one body, there are flesh dayes, and there are
fish dayes, a man must not alwayes cate one sort of meat.

Ant. I see you are a wag brother.

Iag. Alwayes let a married man get his owne children
at home if he can, if he have a bit abroad for procreation
or lo

Ant. Well good night brother, I pray hold a good opi-
nion of me.

Iag. O Sir, I can wink with one eye like a gunner, shall
I make my sister sick of the yelow humdies? no, thought
is free, whatsoever I speake, I'll say nothing; *Exit Iag.*

Ant. I can dissemble much no longer,
Oh my afflicted soule, wert thou capable
Of separation, thou woudst now be rent
into a thousand peeces. *Exit Ant.*

Enter

All's lost by Lust.

Enter Lazarello.

Laz. Now Sir, you are full of newes I'me sure.

Ant. Heavy and froward newes: where's *Dionissa*?

Laz. At distance enough in the Castle, you may speake.

Ant. I am discover'd, *Margarita* knowes of this.

Her wrong, and my disloyalty.

Laz. It was no mystery,
And must be found, but how does she beare it.

Ant. Better then her birth,
Aswell as my addition to her, nobly,
And if her hand does not belye her heart,
She's glad that I have found an equall liking.

Laz. She has done as becomes her.

Ant. Yet wish this request,
That I woud not forsake her utterly,
But some times see her, tis articed too,
That twice a weeke shee have my fellowship
By night, and private stealthes, the which obtainde,
Shee loose the name of wife, and never shame
To be call'd my Concubine.

Laz. I, this is well,
Fine light pageant worke, but now sure building,
This gilds a while, but will at lunge wash off againe,
This rooffe must be raisde upon a sounder groundfill,
Give me your free bosome, you have one heart, and two
(wayes,

Which may have the better part freely.

Ant. My conscience
And my affection warre about this quarrell,
My conscience saith the first, but my affection,
The second.

Laz. So then, you shoud
Love *Margarita*, but do love *Dionissa*.

Ant. My heart's triangled, two points *Dionissa*,
And that downwards *Margarita*, and that's the smallest.

Laz. I thanke you for this free delivery.

You

Mr. Gaby's Letter

You seale your friendship to me, now let me build,
I hate, I'll rid your grieves at once, will you
But give consent.

Ans. To any faire condition.

Lee. No worse then *Margarets* request to you,
Or very little, returne your letter, that
You will satisfie all her desire, appoint
Your first nights approach, and privately.

Ans. Night cannot hide it ever,

Lee. But heare me,

You shall not go, I will supply your place,
Not to blemish, but to preserve your honour.
Command your entertainment, so secure be,
As that no lights may leade you to your chamber,
Let me alone to counterfeite for obte,
And once shall serve for all, if it but take,
And that she bed with me, not for the act,
For there your honour must be weighed, but company,
Shall serve the turne, then rise and proclaime
Both our luxurious sinnes, how doth she then
Claine any part in you?

Ans. Tis a strange extremes

Lee. Vices must have contraires to cure, not skinde,
Extremes must have extremes to come withall,
It will not hold.

Ans. I like it, and allow it

Tis more then water that must fight with wilde fire,
This passage shall be instantly prepared
With some of my wearings, brought out wearing selfe,
As art can make, this Ring to strengthen it,
I could subract a third from my estate
To heale her iniury, and quite blot out
That taint mine honour, bring you out,
It must be curd, pardon betweene and *Margaret*, name
There is an innere falling from what's good,
Which nothing can repaire in's but our blood.

Actus quartus.

Actus quartus.

Enter Bishop with a letter and a man.

Inl. That I should see a man so noble, so rich,
From Continence my country, brought for what
Tis very strange; know you the cause?

Pia. Not I, my Lord.

Inl. I cry you mercy Sir, and my king's mercy.
And I beseech my thoughts for being troubled.
I know the cause myself, his grace is wise,
For seeing the whole of France, and the whole
So eye-able to the world, the shining times,
The multitude in their land, his grace's eyes
Might adde so much to me Sir, as might dim
His own proper light, for such weak eyes see
The present world, and his grace's eyes
He gives mastery to his grace's eyes
Himself much worth and honour, for Sir, what honour
Can subjects have, but is that which his grace
Does to his grace's eyes, for my king's eyes
I do applaud his grace's eyes.

Pia. Your prisoners must be sent back to your Lord.

Inl. Ha! my prisoners? Sir, I have some further
Sir, I have some further
Your self into our hands, and I will
The king's grace's eyes, for my king's eyes
This very night, we will have the king's eyes
What he commands.

Pia. To morrow I will have the king's eyes.

Inl. You shall, my Lord, I will have the king's eyes
Commanded by the king's eyes, for my king's eyes
Tis strange, I will have the king's eyes
I did not see his grace's eyes, for my king's eyes
Sir, I will have the king's eyes, for my king's eyes
We'll mixe 'um both together, but my prisoners!

Exit

Enter

All's Well by Land

Enter a Servant

Serv. Sir, here a woman (tormented by some tide of sorrow) With teares intreats your pittie, and to see you (row)

Int. If any Soldier has done violence to her,
Beyond our military discipline,
Death shall divide him from us: Fetch her in.

Exit Servant

I have my selfe a daughter, on whose face
But thinking, I could see no more
And when I ha told my conquests my King,
My poore girle then shall know, how far her fate
I did once pierce: as this the creature is

Ser. Yes, my Lord, and a sad one.

Int. Leave us: as a sad one.

The down-cast look, tallies up compassion to me,
A Countess going to the grave looks not more dead;
Why kneelst thou? art thou wrong'd by any soldier?
Rise, for this honour is not due to me,
Hast not a tongue to reade thy sorrows out?

This booke I understand not.

Iacin. O my deare father!

Int. Thy father? who has wrong'd him?

Iac. A great Commander.

Int. Vnderstand.

Iac. Above you.

Int. Above me? whose above a General?

None but the Generall of all Spaines Armies,
And thus the King, King Roderick, hates all goodnesse.
He cannot wrong thy father.

Iacin. What was Targuis?

Int. A King, and yet a scilicet.

Iacin. Such a name.

Was in those dayes a monster, as it is common.

All's lost by Lust.

Iul. Prethee be plaine.

Iacin. Have not you Sir, a daughter?

Iul. If I have not, I am the wretchedst man
That this day lives: for all the wealth I have
Lives in that child.

Iacin. O, see your daughters sake then heare my woes.

Iul. Rise then, and speake.

Iac. No, let me kneele still,
Such a resemblance of a daughters duty,
Will make you mindfull of a fathers loves
For such my iniuries must exact from you.
A you would for your owne.

Iul. And so they do,
For whilst I see thee kneeling, I thinke of my *Tamara*.

Iac. Say your *Iacinta* then (chast as the Rose)
Comming on sweetly in the springing bud,
And ne're felt heat, to spread the Sommer sweet:
But to increase and multiply it more,
Did to it selfe keepe in its owne perfume,
Say that some rapine hand had pluckt the bloom,
Iacinta like that flower, and ravish her,
Defiling her white lawne of chastity,
With ugly blacks of lust; what would you do?

Iul. O tis too hard a question for me
Without a solemne Councell held
Of mans best understanding faculties
There must be sowe, and fatherhood, and griefe,
And rage, and many passions, and they must all
Beget a thing call'd vengeance; but they must in upon it.

Iac. Say this were done by him that carried
The fairest seeming face of friendship to your selfe.

Iul. We should fall out.

Iac. Would you in such a case respect degrees?

Iul. I know not that.

Iac. Say he were noble.

Iul. Impossible: th'acts ignoble, the Bee can breed
No poyson, though it sucke the iuyce of hemlocke.

Iac. Say a king should doe it, was that not lost?

All's lost by Lust.

By the greatest power, does Maieſty extenuates crime?

Iul. Augments it rather.

Iac. Say then that *Rodericke*, your king and Maſter,
To quite the honours you are bringing home,
Had raviſht your *Iacinta*.

Iul. Who has ſent

A ſurie in this ſowle-faire ſhape to vexe me?

I ha ſcene that face me thinks, yet know it not:

How dareſt thou ſpeake this treason, gainſt my king?

Durſt any man ith world, bring me this lye,

By this, had been in hell, *Rodericke* a *Tarquin*?

Iacin. Yes, and thy daughter (had ſhe done her part)

Should be the ſecond *Lucron* view me well,

I am *Iacinta*.

Iul. Ha!

Iac. The king my raviſher.

Iul. The king thy raviſher! oh unkingly ſound:
He dares not ſure, yet in thy ſullied eyes
I read a Tragicke ſtory.

Enter Antonio, Alonzo, Medina.

O noble friends,

Our warres are ended, are they not?

Alon. They are Sir.

Iul. But Spaine has now begun a civill warre,
And to confound me onely: ſee you my daughter
She ſounds the Trumpet, which draws forth my ſword
To be revenge.

Alon. On whom? ſpeak loud your wrongs,
Diggeſt your choller into temperance;
Give your conſiderate thoughts the upper hand,
In your hot paſſions, twill aſſwage the ſwelling
Of your big heart: if you have injuries done you
Revenge them, and we ſecond you.

Iac. Father, deare father.

Iul. Daughter, deare daughter,

Iac. Why do you kneele to me Sir?

All's lost by Lust.

Int. To ask thee pardon that I did begot thee,
I brought thee to a shame stains all the way
Twixt earth and Acheron: nor all the clouds
(The skies large canopy) could they drowne the sea
With a perpetuall inundation,
Can wash it ever out, leave me I pray.

Alon. His fighting passions will be ore anon,
And all will be at peace.

Ans. Best in thy judgement:
We wake him with the sight of his won honours,
Call up the army, and let them present
His prisoners: him, such a sight as that
Will brooke no sorrow neare it.

Int. I was a good Doctor that prescrib'de that physick
He be your patient Sir, shew me my souldiers,
And my new honours won, I will truly weigh them,
With my fall gables, they may perhaps overcome. *Exit Ans.*

Alon. Why now theres hope of his recovery.
Int. Lucina welcome, thou art my child still,
No forced staine of lust can alienate
Our consanguinitie.

Iac. Deare Father,
Recollect your noble spirits, conquer griefe,
The manly way: you have brave foes subdued,
Then let no female passions thus orewhelme you.

Int. Mistake me not my child, I am not mad,
Nor must be idle, for I were more fit,
(if I could purchase more) I had more wit,
To helpe in these designs, I am grown old:
Yet I have found more strength within this arme,
Then without proofe I durst be bearded on.
Rodericke thou king of monstres couldst thou do this?
And for thy lust confine me from the Court,
Theres reason in thy shame, thou shouldst not let me.
Ha! they come *Lucina*, they come, heare, heare,
Now thou shalt see what cause I have given my king:

Enter Anon with the King and Lucina.

Mills lost by Dust.

Stand, pray stand all, deliver me my prisoners:
Soth well, wondrous well, I have no friends
But these my enemies, yet welcome brave Moores,
With you the party, first I desire you all.

Alon. How?

Inf. I am a vow'd foe to your King, to *Roderique*.

Ant. How *Inimicus*?

Inf. Nay we feare you not, here's our whole army,
Yet we are strong enough from feare or flight.

Ant. Make us understand a reason *Inimicus*,
If for disloyalty reason may be given
Of this your language.

Inf. Do you my Iudges whom I make my foes?
Was my power plac't above my mercy, or mercy
Above my power? went they not hand in hand?

Ant. Ever most nobly.

Alon. Eves, ever.

Inf. Why, then should *Roderique* do this base deed?

Ant. You doe distract us Sir, beseech you name it.

Inf. Behold this child of mine, this only mine,
I had a daughter, be she is ravish't now.

Om. Ravish't?

Inf. Yes, by *Roderique*, by himself, tyrant, *Roderique*.

Om. O most abhorrid deed!

Inf. Ioyne with me noble Spaniards in Revenge.

Om. We will.

Inf. Have I your hearts?

Om. Our hearts shall be yours.

Inf. Then Princes, *Moor*, here I fit thee
And all thy valiant Moores: Will thou call back

Their scattered forces, and incorporate
Their strength with mine, and with me march through
Sharpening thy sword with vengeance for my wrongs?

Moor. Most willingly, to binde me faster to thee,
Plight me thy ravish't daughter to my wife,
And thou shalt see my indignation fly
On wings of Thunder.

Inf. O my second fall,

All's Well by All

A Christians armes embrace an Infidell!

Int. He not compell her heart, wooe, win, and wed her,
Forc't has she bin too much, ——— My honor'd friends,
What We all thought to ha borne home in Triumph,
Must now be seene there in a Funerall,
Wrackt Honour being chiefe Mourner, here the Herle
Which weele all follow, ——— *Roderique* we come,
To giue thy lust a scourge, thy life a doome.

A bed discovered, on it Lazzarello, as Antonio: Enter Margaretta and Fydella with a balaer.

Mar. Sleepes he Fydella?

(Sleepe)

Fyd. Slumberingly Madam, he's not yet in his dead

Mar. Tis now his dying, anon comes his dead sleep.
For never shall he wake, untill the world

Hath Phoenix-like bin hid in his owne ashes,

Fydella, take my strength into thine armes,

And play the cruell executioner,

As I will first instruct thee.

Fyd. I am so farr

From shrinking, Madam, that He gladly he

The Prologue to *Antonie's* Tragedy.

Mar. *Antonie's* Tragedy! that very Name
Should strike even sparkes of pity from the flint:

Antonie! husband *Antonie*.

Fyd. Remember there's another owes that Name.

Mar. I, that's the poison kills me: shall a Drumpet
(For shee's no better) rob me of a measure

So deere to me as he was; yet hee I pardon:

The master-chiefe lies here, and hee must dye for't:

All mercy hence I banish, Iustice looke downe

To see a womans vengeance thus I begin,

And follow thousand thus, now I am in,

Nothing shall pull me back.

Laz. Oh, oh

Fyd. He has passage yet for breath.

Mar.

All's Lost by Lust.

Mar. Here's remedy for that, pull *Fydella*.

Fyd. He would speake it seemes.

Mar. Never, his tongue betrayd me once, I will
No more listen my temptations, heere he shall
Awhile, and that but deaſly: *Antonio*,
I was your wife, Lordly *Antonio*,
And in that balance equal'd with your ſelfe;
I was your handmaid, and you might have trod
On my humility, I had kiſt your feet,
But with diſſaine thou trampledſt on my throat;
As I doe now on thine, and will deſace
What nature built for honor, not deceit:
Our wedding was in private, ſo our divorce,
Yet this ſhall have as ire and open blazon
As a truth-ſpeaking goodneſſe; O my *Fydella*,
Thou little inſtrument of my revenge,
I would not have thee (for thy duty) loſt,
There's gold; hie thee to ſafety, ſure thee well,
I muſt neere ſee thee more, this place will be—

Fyd. Not too hot for me Madam; my complexion
Is naturall to it: good fortunes follow you;
If I might counſell you, I would conceal it:
If you can fly, doe not betray your ſelfe.

Mar. Fy, prethee away, thou wilt marre all the glory,
Conceale the deed? even to the bentged brow
Of the ſterne Iudge, Ile ſpeake, and call for iuſtice,
Proud of my glorious vengeance, I will ſmile
Vpon my dreadfull Executioner:
Twas that was firſt enacted in my breaſt,
She ſhould not dare to kill, that dares not die,
Tis needy miſchiefe, and hee's baſely bent
That dares doe ill, yet feare the puniſhment.

Exit.

All's lost by Lust.

Actus quintus.

Enter King Rodrique and Piamontelli.

Red. **S**ome musique.

Pia. Musique Sir! tis all untunde,
Remember your proud enemies approach,
And your unreadinesse to entertaine us.

Red. If all be set upon a carelesse hazard,
What shall care doe there?

Pia. Rouze you like a Lion,
And fright this heard of Foxes, Wolves, and Beares;
From daring to come neere you: a Kings eye
Has Magicall charmes in't to kinde treason downe,
They fight like theeves for spoile, you for your owne.

Red. O Piamontelli, theres within my bosome,
An army of Furies mustred, worse than those
Which follow *Iulianus*: Conscience bears
The Drum of horror up.

Pia. For what? a Maidenhead?
Pray be your selfe, and iustifie the act,
Stand on your guard, and royalize the fact
By your owne dispensation.

Red. Goe call our friends together, if we have none,
Hire them with double pay, our selfe will search
And breake those dangerous doores which have so long
Kept Spaine in childish ignorance.

Pia. O good my Lord,
Forbeare, there's fatall propheties forbid you.

Red. There's fatall fooleries; tell me of propheties!
Shall feare affright me? no, upon my life
Tis hidden treasure kept for needfull houres,
And now tis come, tis gold must purchase soldiers;

Shall

All's lost by Lust.

Shall I not seeke it then ? alone Ile breake
Ope those forbidden doores, goe muster men.

Pis. This I dread more then all our enemies,
If good proceed from this, no Magick Art
Shall fright me.

Red. Or good, or bad, Ile throw the dice my selfe,
And take the chance that falls, thou art the first, *Exit.*

Thunder
Hell wakens, yet Ile on, twenty at least
I must passe through before I breake the spell,
If this doere thither lead, Ile enter hell.

Exit.

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter Rodrique againe
at another doore.*

Red. So now I me entred to the fatall chamber,
Shew now thy full effects, ha ? what light's this ?

*Enter Iulianus, Adonis, Iacinta, Antonio, Alonso, &c.
and presenting Rodrique.*

Red. Tisholliday in hell, the fiends are loose,
I have enfranchiz'd you, thank me Devils;
Was this the fatall incantation
That here was lockt. so many fearfull ages,
And was't decreed for me to dislocate ?
Fire consume you geomantick Devils,
Where borrowed you those bodies, you damn'd theeves ?
In your owne shapes you are not visible,
Or are you yet but fancies imaginarie ?
What's he that me presents ? I have not sent
My carcas forth, I am not sleeping now,
And my soule straid forth, I am my reall selfe,
Must I be captiv'd by a traitor so ?

All's lost by Lust.

Devill thou playest me false; undiadem'd
And such a sooty fiend inherite me;
Iacinto, too, that she-curse, must she have part;
Kneeling to them; here's a solemnity
In the Devils name; goe raigue in Sulphur, or in
Some frozen Labyrinth, this Kingdom's mine;
Thou there that me personest, draw forth thy sword,
And brandish't against hell, he shew thee how;

Exeunt Shew

What Magick bindes me? what furies hold mine arme,
Piamentelli, *Mulla*, none succour me;

Enter Piamentelli.

Pia. What ayles you Sir?

Red. My foes are come upon me.

Pia. Comming they are, but yet a league distant, Sir,

Red. Zounds they are come, and have bin here with me.
Traiterous *Iulianus*, and his ravish'd daughter,
An army of Moores, of Turks and infidels;

Pia. Your fancies trouble you, they are but comming,
Too neere in that, make up to your souldiers,
Full twenty thousand now will follow you and more.

Red. The Moore's a comming, & the devill too that must
Succeed me in my last monarchy, take armes and fight,
This fiends shall know they have not plaid me right;

Exeunt.

Enter Lathario with a halber.

Lo. O for a private place to bee hang'd in, when all
hope's gone, welcome despaire; which way soever the
day goes, I'me sure this is my way; Is the King overcome,
I shall be hang'd for *Iacinto's* escape, if shee rise, I fall in
recompence of her wrongs. All my griefe is, I want an
heire to have my purse and clothes, one that woud take
the paines for me, an honest hangman were now as good

All's lost by Lust.

a companion as I woud desire to meet with, I have liv'd
a Lord, and I woud be leath to dye an executioner,

Enter Clowne,

Iag. Murder is come to light. Oh sister how hast thou
overthrowne our honorable house before it was well co-
vered, oh ambitious sister, halfe a share in a Lord woud
not content thee, thou woud have all or none, now thou
hast none, for thou hast kild thy Lord and husband.

Lo. I was a Lord, altho a bawdy Lord.

Iag. I was a Lords brother, altho a bawdy Lords bro-
ther.

Lo. O Lechery, how hast thou putt mee up and un-
done me.

Iag. O Lechery, thou hast battend me awhile, and then
spoild me.

Lo. Ha? what art thou?

Iag. Partly honorable, partly miserable.

Lo. Give me thy hand.

Iag. Give me thy halter then.

Lo. Art thou a hangman then?

Iag. I, and a mad one, but now I droope, and am re-
ady to drop into the budget.

Lo. Looke here's worke for thee, here's clothes, and
here's smony, woud thou take the paines to hang me?

Iag. I have liv'd a Lords brother, and woud be leath to
die a hangman.

Lo. Doe not desire to die, live till thou diest of thine
owne accord.

Iag. Tis my desire, but I want a cord of mine owne,
prethee lend me thine.

Lo. Let me perswade thee to be charitable to thy selfe,
spare thy selfe, and hang me, I have beene a Pander, knowst
thou what a Pander is?

Iag. In bricfe a knave, more at large thus,
Hee's a thing that is poore,
He waits upon a whore,

All's lost by Lust.

When thee's sick, hee's sore,
In the streets he goes before,
At the chamber waits at doore,
All his life a runs o'th' score,
This I know, and know no more.

Le. All this he adds to it,
He weares long locks,
And villanous socks,
Many nights in the flocks,
Endures some knocks,
And a many of tocks,
Eates reuerfions of cocks,
Yet lies in the flocks,
Thieves by the smocks,
And dies with the pox.

All this I have beene, and now desire to be hang'd fort.

Iag. What hast thou there?

Le. A hundred marks, besides leases, and lands which I have wickedly gotten, all which I will bestow on thee, if thou wilt take the paines to hang me.

Iag. Hum? my brother is dead, and there is no way to raise our house agen but by ready money, or credit; the hangman many times mounts above his betters; well I will hang, but my conscience beares me witness tis not for any good will I beare unto thee, nor for any wrong that I know thou hast committed; but innocently for thy lands, thy leases, thy clothes, and thy money. And so come a long with to me the next tree, where thou shalt hang till thou art dead, and sink above ground.

Le. With all my heart, my guts, my lights, my liver, and my lungs.

Alarme, Excursions. Enter Rodrique and Diamantelli.

Pia. Fly, fly my Lord.

Rad. With what wings?

Pia. With wings of speed,

Your

Alb's lost by Lust.

Your foes, Sir, conquer, and your souldiers bleed,
The barbarous Moore is titled by your name;
The Spanish King; therefore your safest speed
Will be to Biscany, there you may finde
New friends, new safety, and new kindly minds.

Red. There is no friendship where there is no power,
I must crave now, oh poverty most poore,
To beg of them receiv'd mine almes, before
I have defended them.

Pia. They'le you relieve.

Red. He make the prooffe; what do you call the man
Whose prowess in that rightfull victory
Against the Moores did so much honor win?

Pia. Antonio.

Red. He was, and is, and may be, but not long;
This poyson'd *Julianus* has battered him,
Thou art my subject still *Piamontelli*.

Pia. Whilst I am *Piamontelli*.

Red. Wert thou gone,
I then might boast, I were a King alone;
For but thy selfe I doe not know one subject,
Then subjects all, since you'le not let me die,
He seeks a weary life in Biscany.

Exeunt

Enter Moore and Isabella.

Alb. Thou mutable peeces of nature, dost thou fly me?

Isa. Th'art frightfull to me.

Alb. I shall be more frightfull,

If thou repell a proferd arme of love;

There will rebound a hate blacker in Art

Then in similitude; forget me not,

Have not I chac't thy wronger from his ground,

And my triumphant selfe thy conqueror?

I am thy King.

Isa. He leave thee then!

All's lost by Love

Mo. No love must away but, suspicion, sir, not love

Iac. The word is poison'd in thy very tongue,
Love thee? ah! would love my ravisher?

Mo. Thy father shall repent ere long, will be as likely

Iac. He shall not, I'll be sworn, will be as likely
That we be freed a captive in debt

Mo. Look for a vengeance, I must crave now, oh heavens

Iac. Yes, some barbarous one, I have defended them
Tis naturall to thee, base African, what say'st thou?

Thine infidel blood in thy face
Oh *Julianus*, what hast thou done? what's this?

The raging Lion, to wrastle with a Dragon, what's this?
He would have slain with a majestick gripe

But this with a comel better had bin thy fate
By him to fall, then thus, by such a hollow date

Enter Moore and Soldiers with Julianus

Mo. Bring forth this traitor, send him to the gallies

Iac. What wilt thou moult for, what's the price thou wilt
Iac. Any thing that's monstrous, I'll be sworn

Mo. Reward a traitor, I'll be sworn, I'll be sworn

Iac. Traitor?

Mo. Bethine owne iudge,
What art thou but thy Kings, and Kingdomes ruine?

Was it thy hopes, that ever I should trust thee?
Traitors are poyson'd arrowes drawne toth' head,

Which we shoot home at milchicks, being struck dead,
Then let the arrow be consumed in fire

Hast not betrayd thy King and Country basely?
Iac. For thee (ingratefull, villanous Moore) I have,

I have deserv'd to die, but not by thee, a traitor
And I beseech thee, bloody Tyrant, hasten

My punishment, I'll be sworn, I'll be sworn
Mo. That becomes justly granted, I'll be sworn

Iac. Tis now full glory to thee, to strike home
Set the black character of death upon him

Give

All's lost by Lust.

Give me a sentence horrid as thy false art,
Speake in thy barbarous language, thy last doome,
A tyrants Axe sends me to a black home.

Mo. Pluck out his eyes, and her exclaiming tongue,
She shall in silent sorrow then lead him,
Her eyes shall be his flames.

Iul. O spare her tyrant,
By her offence and wrong thou hast sinned;
Then tread not on her stripes, tis enough
That I doe suffer for the good ill I did:
To set thy cap on it above my head:
Oh spare my child.

Iac. Entraine for me I fear care Sir,
Either be you dumb, or looke in my heart;
I shall have mentall pay for this for heaven,
Fuller effectfull then this tongue can utter,
And for the author of my wrongs and sinnes,
I shall have happy crosses left within.

Enter Mary.
With honor I got not my husband's name,
Thou art the wretched husband of two wives.

Mar. O Justice, Justice, thou that fill the throne
Of heav'n, Justice, Justice, thou that fill the throne
Give me thy sharpest signall to all unchaste women.

Mo. Against what?

Mar. My false, my unchaste, my unfaithfull husband.

Mo. How false?

Mar. He should be a husband, and he is a whore.

Enter Antonio.

Antonio. I do not think

Mar. Yes, and so have I, and so have I, and so have I,
Antonio. ghost! murdered by me, my husband.

Mo. Strange and monstrous deed!

To kill my friend, my husband, my husband!

Thou strangler of my husband!

Mar. O my hard fate!

All's Lost by Lust.

My name was full at thee, but this is binde some and some
Ans. End thy just lines, I have binde some and some

For I am parting from thee, see those two
 That wrong'd thee are both wounded to the death

With griefe she, I by payson lose my breath
Dis. Forgive him, but spare not me

Mar. How came you wounded
 I clap my hands at this your tragedy

My birth was base, but my revenge flew high
Ms. A noble girl, a lady, stout Virago,

Ans. Inhuman, for a wrong done to his daughter
 (The fatal Engine that hath beat downe Spaine)

Revolted from his King, and for that Moore
 Who now insults, being but a captive thing,

And cause in honest language I was sent
 In taxing this revolt of mine

He bid a soldier kill me, who refusing
 He himselfe struck me, life was lost thus long

But for the clearing of my conscience:
 I feele deaths pangs, forgive me both, and all,

Let my soule off, while my body falls
 With honor I got hooe, with my sister thrives,

Thus falls the wretched husband of two wives
 Thus falls the wretched husband of two wives

Dis. So, here's a lesson of widowhood
 A wholesome example to all successeful

Let every wife man take heed of two wives
 'Tis too great a load to be borne of the two

My selfe should break one of the two
 What should I call thee, widow, shall we marry one ano-

And beget Chimeras, I doe not thinke
 That ever any one husband should venture

On us both at once, I thinke
Ans. Doe thoue that which thoue thinke

Which should be the plea of folly
 Merely phantastical, are thy passions

Such featherd follies, idle giggles
 Such featherd follies, idle giggles

Ans. Doe thoue that which thoue thinke
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Merely phantastical, are thy passions
 Such featherd follies, idle giggles

Ans. Doe thoue that which thoue thinke
 Which should be the plea of folly

And he's lost by Lust.

Are these the rites due to a funerall?

Dis. Why shall I see the sun-shine of a rainy day?
Who does believe a widows teares to be her hearts sorrow?
Are they not then better spared than derided?

Let me see then what thou dar'st do with wet eyes,
That I dare not answer with a smiling cheek?

Mar. What thou dar'st not second I dare doe.

Dis. Begin, he pledges thee, am I still prisoner to thee?

Mar. Then dar'st thou not say you should a widow woo?

Dis. Try me, I'll do you something of as you would.

Mar. Thus then I come to thee *Annis*;

Thou didst forsake me living, being dead.

I will enjoy thy monument all beds flowing with.

Dis. I, ha! thou that resolution's in.

Me thinks a woman (as I am) should not out dome,

I must dye one day, and at good this day as in other,

Whereabouts is my heart, I think all over my body,

I am all heart, and therefore cannot smile,

Some creatures dye singing, why not I merrily,

Make me room, I'll come and dye with thee,

Weele all tumble in our bed together,

He lie as close as thou on thy left side,

And have as many kisses too, that's my bargain,

My finnes are all upon thy conscience,

But I forgive thee, and heaven be the Clarke to,

My soule will have free passage, my body I bequeath,

To thee a *devill*, I am your wife, nor give thee living,

And will come to bed to you, thus I make unready,

Thus I lie downe, thus kisse, and this embrace

He ever keepe, I am your now with play,

I neede must sleepe for ever.

Mar. Excellent pastime,

Dis. Excellent pastime, I am your now with play,

All's lost by Lust.

Enter Iachimo leading Imolinus.

Im. 'Tis night with me for ever, when's this treaty?
Turne me but to him, and from these darkned eyes
I shall discover his Cymmerian face,
For the all is darke, yet still that's visible,
And nothing else to me, for night hath out-villain'd;
Looke what a bloody pageant thou hast made;
I borrow eyes to guide me of my child,
And her Ile lend a tongue so curst thee with.

Mo. Ha, ha, ha.

Im. Thou laugh'st at miserie,
'Tis well, thou guess'st a grievance to my sorrow;
Yet wherefore shouldst thou glory in't? this worke
Is none of thine, tis heaven's mercifull infliction;
For thou art but the executioner;
The mother hangman, and shee mine is shee
That did this bloody work upon my sonne;
Thy second slayes, and yet I am not alive;
I was a traitor to my lawfull King,
And tho my wrongs reach'd out on my revenge,
I had no warrant signe for my revenge;
Tis the peoples sinnes that make tyrants Kings,
And such was mine for thee, now I have
But my affliction, which is too late
On bloody revenge; but I forgive thee.

Mo. Thee I shall leave to live;
Nor give thee living in captivity;
Thy body shall enjoy the generall prison;
But thy soule sit free, and thou shalt live.

Im. Thou art good in that, and noble.

Mo. Nay it shall nobler be to the person;
Give him weapons, thou art a soldier,
And shalt end so; Ile be thy opposer;
With ods of eyes, but not of armes, I vow,
If thy darke ayme hit in my face, Ile stand,
And die with thee, if not, fall by my hand.

Im.

All's lost by Lust.

Iul. Thou'lt have my penitence, for I shall bless
All the ill deeds that I have done for thee,
In such so noble end.

Mo. Be prepared then.

Iul. One thing more of thee, be a prophet to me first
For thou know'st what shall become of my poore *Lachina*,
What end is her intended.

Mo. Before thy end thou wilt know it.

Iul. Oh let it not be, and dishonourable
Her life has had too many troubles and sorrowes,
Oh let her end be something.

Mo. I shall be noble too.

Iul. I beg for her that has no tongue to beg,
And what remains in my faint yielding breath,
Shall all be spent in blessings over thee.

Farewell *Lachina*, take my latest blessing,
I know thy soule returns a thanks to me,
Make haste to overtake me, if thou beest stayd,
Thinke of *Cleopatra* and *Brutus* wife,
There's many wayes to end a weary life.

Mo. Come Sir, I stand before you.

Iul. Thus I come,

Thy death lie venter, but receive mine owne,
So, I have my doome, and I have hit too.

Mo. Ha, ha, ha.

Iul. Laughst thou? I am deluded then.

Mo. O bloody homicide, thou hast slaine thy daughter.

Iul. False villaine, hast thou then so mockt my woes,
To make me fatall butcher of my child?
Was she the target to defend thy body?

Forgive me my *Lachina*, 'twas in me
An innocent act of blood, but tyranny
In that black monster: 'tis not much ill,
Better my hand then a worse arme should spill
Thy guiltlesse life, what art thou going yet?
Thy warme blood cooles, my sunne begins to set,
Nature shrinks backward to her former formes,
Our soules climbe stars, while these descend to wormes.

All's Well by Lull.

See tyrant, from thy further Brokewe fly,
Heaven do thy will, I will not cursing die.

Mo. So, now we live beholding unto none,
Upon this flayre we do place our throne,
Give us our title.

Ons. Long live *William* King of Spaine.

Mo. Your silence it confirms, take hence their bodies,
Give them to Christians, and let them be sold;
What ceremonious funerals they please
We must pursue the flying *Roderigo*,
All must be ours, weele have no Kingdoms more,
Let Chroniclers write, here we begin our reign,
The first of *Moore* that ere was King of Spaine.

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FINIS

